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Jan.

1873.

St. Luke's Parish Post.

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"Stand fast in one Spirit, with one mind,
striving together for the Faith of the
Gospel."—PHIL. i, 27.

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THE COMMINATION.

This solemn office is appointed to be used on Ash Wednesday, or the First Day of Lent, and as we know that no religious service is so frequently maligned and misunderstood, the endeavor to explain and vindicate it may not be thought inexpedient or unreasonabie. We firmly believe that it is a service founded upon the word of the living God, and that wha ever may be alleged against of unreasonabie and unbelieving men, it must be true and loving and profitable; for whatever be the changes in the temper of society, or in the condition of the Church, we never can be absolved from declaring God's abhorrence of sin, or from denouncing God's sore judgment upon sinners; and this is "the Commination," and it is used that we may understand the terrors of the Lord and be persuaded; and that we may learn the love of Christ, and be constrained by it. And for this no service could have been framed more solemn in its nature, or more charitabie in its design; nothing more starling to the impenitent—nothing more encouraging to the contrite soul.

It has been unwisely thought that the Church, instead of setting before us a blessing and a curse, has undertaken the fiery denunciation of wrath, and that she requires the prayers of all the members, that this wrath may fall upon their brethren. It is true that the priest is required to say what God has said, and that the people are bidden to affirm the truth and certainty of His word. "*And all the people shall answer and say Amen.*" But what is meant by *Amen* as we find it here? Not, *so let it be*, as in the ordinary Prayers; but, *Verily, so it is*, as we use in the Creed; not to express our wish, but to declare our assent—"verily, verily," it is true:

This is the Commination or the Declaration of God's anger against sin, and we have only to consider its words with attention to understand that there is no curse denounced by the priest, and no prayer for the confirmation of a curse by the people: for let us observe, it is not said, "*Cursed be he*," or let him be cursed, but "*Cursed is he*," or he is under a curse; and all the people shall answer *Amen*, so it is, so it is declared by God; the "*God whose judgments are true and righteous altogether.*" And is this an Anathema? Is it not rather a warning, that the sinner may shun the curse, and share the blessing instead. This is the sole object of the office, in which we are told as plainly as words can speak: *that we may flee from such vices, for which we affirm with our own mouths the curse of God to be due.*

—c—

THE MONTH IN PROGRESS.

Since Epiphany we have been comparatively in repose. Having tasted the sweets of many glorious Festivals in succession, we are called to linger awhile in the pathway of holy delight; and by ruminating as it were on what we have so abundantly partaken of from Christmas to Epiphany, make it profitable for the soul's sustentation and become prepared for enjoyment of further supplies of grace. Man, while sojourning in the flesh, cannot endure or sustain a constant extasy; but the Christian year has been by the Church's authorities in past ages most wisely arranged and those who take pious heed to Fast and Festival, praying always according to the Prayer Book's wise direction, cannot fail to grow in grace, and in the knowledge that maketh glad the heart. The Holy Eucharist is as a staff to the weary Pilgrim; while engaging in

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THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHILST yet the songs of Christmas fall sweetly on our ears, and the manger of Bethlehem is the centre of our joy and adoration, this octave of Christmas—the Feast of the Circumcision—comes upon us replete with solemn and sobering thoughts. Doubtless the busy, pleasure-seeking world around is not troubled with such; but we, who love our Lord, would fain listen to His voice as it calls to us season by season.

The merry bells, with clang and crash, have ushered in the New Year; the kindly greeting from loving lips has met us again; the happy family gathering around the old home hearth (with, perchance, an empty chair or two to sober its gladness), has been ours once more,—all reminding us forcibly with feelings akin to sadness, of Time's swift fleeting, and of our own sure and certain nearing an endless eternity. How many years are gone from us for ever, with their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, their humiliations and triumphs!

The precious moments have irrevocably fled; but of each and all we shall have to give an account when time is at an end. How have we spent them? What have we done for God and to secure our salvation in these by-gone years? How does our account with our Maker stand? These, and such-like questions, naturally crowd upon us to-day, when we look back upon the past and stand upon the threshold of a New Year. Let us answer them honestly, in God's Presence, with a true contrition for past sins and failures; and then we shall better be able to look forward hopefully and trustfully to the dark and uncertain future.

Very dark the new-born year may be to us. There are possible sorrows looming in the distance, from the mere thought of which we shrink in terror; and there are certain inevitable crosses lying athwart our path which *must* be taken up and carried either with a good or a bad grace, as the case may be. But we need not be dismayed; as our day is, so shall be our strength; and He who sends the sorrow or the cross will give comfort and strength along with it, if we do but trust Him.

Let us, then, be courageous, for He is our Friend who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." And let us make good resolutions for the future. There is much for every one to do, both for their own souls and for others; there are sinful habits to root out, and many graces to acquire; there are sickness, and sorrows, and sufferings innumerable, to alleviate; there is a warfare to wage with the glaring vices of a degenerate age, with a subtle-worldliness, which, like a poisonous miasma, penetrates into every home; and with a malignant infidelity, which sets itself up in high places, ridicules religion as an old wives' superstition, and ruins the souls for whom Christ died with a deadly certainty. Battle must be effected, too, with a spurious liberalism, which is threatening to destroy the true freedom of our beloved country. People now-a-days are restless, and want change. The good old

paths—the paths of safety—are readily forsaken for those that are untried and dangerous; old landmarks are being swept away, and contempt for authority in every form is common and rife. Let us, then, resolve to resist these evils, each in his own sphere, as best he may, with God's aid; and if we cling manfully to the old faith, He will be ever with us.

Yes! there is much to do,
No time for foolish pleasure,
Much labour to pursue
In search of heavenly treasure.

Thus resolving and thus acting, this year will be full of blessings for us; and at last, when the years are all ended, a Voice will be heard by us, sweet and assuring, yet awful, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

With this beautiful hope for them and for ourselves, we wish our readers, one and all, a Happy New Year.

TRAMPING HOME.

I.

Out in the gloom and cold,
Where the wild wind whistles chill,
Over the treeless wold,
But over never a hill:
Clouds drift heavily by,
Ther· come voices on the wind,
Inwards turneth the eye
Only darkness to find.

II.

The hours but slowly go,
As I plod this devious way;
With the hours, pass to and fro
Forms of a long-lost day,
Which tell of years gone by,
Of tones that are silent and dead,
Of youth with its golden dawn,
And of earth-joys for ever fled.

III.

Yet I watch through the gloom and cold,
Through the bitter sleet and snow,
For a break in the clouds above—
For a lull in the storm below:
O warm breast I knew of yore!
O cold heart pulseless and still,
C pathway of sunshine and light
That led up to a purple hill!

IV.

But the purple fades into black,
And the gold light quivers and dies,
And the storm gathers deeper to hide
The stars that fleck the dark skies:
So, in sorrow I go on my way,
Alone, as the years pass by,
They are lost who were with me of old,
And for Time have Eternity.

V.

Still cut in the cold and gloom,
Tramping, they tell me, home,
Under frost or July noon,
Under cloud on star-sprent dome,
I strain my eyes to behold
The source of these silvery rills,
Which water my desert, and come
From a City beyond the old hills.

VI.

City of peace everlasting,
Unchangeable city of light,
Where cometh no fury of tempest,
Where creepeth no shadow of night.
Hie home, poor soul, thither fly,
Like strange bird on fleetest wing,
To where tears are all wiped away
Now Death has been robb'd of his sting

ALL FOR JESUS.

"Poorest hands may do Him service,
Weakest voice His praise may sing;
More a poor child's simple flowers,
Than the jewels of a king."

Christmas Carol.

"Ye have done it unto Me."—*S. Mark XXV. 40.*

TO do all for Jesus, and the good of His Church, is what every Christian should live for. We cannot do enough for Jesus: it is simply impossible. Loving Him all the life long, suffering for Him, enduring all things for Him in "life's rough way," would never pay Him back again for His love to us. Yet the dear Lord takes it so. Things of no worth become in His sight very beautiful, because they are done for Him; our merest dross becomes covered with the brightness of the most fine gold. The poor little bunch of flowers given to decorate His altar is dearer, then, in His sight than the fairest flowers of earth. The humble prayer and the rough homely language is like a very sweet song then in His ears. And why? Because it is done to Jesus. It is the best we can give. Dear brothers and sisters, never give worthless things to Jesus; never give Him the dregs of your time, or your odd pence, or your prayers hastily said when the day's work is done; for Jesus is the Judge; He sitteth ever as the Purifier and Refiner of gold and silver. Let your gold be red gold; let it be real gold. A good many think that when they recognise Jesus a little they are recognising Him much. But is it not thy life, thy soul which the dear Lord requires? "Them that honour Me I will honour," it is written; and "My Name shall be great among the Gentiles," it is written again. Think what He has done for us. He gave Himself, "body, soul, and spirit," for our sakes. It was no light thing He did for us. With Him, day by day, and night by night, it was ever "Work, work, work; for My sheep are wandering, and I, the Shepherd True, must bring them back again, I must place them in the green pastures of My Father's blessed paradise." This was ever the burden of His cry. This was the work

He came into the world to do, from the cradle in the manger of Bethlehem at the first holy Christmas-time to the uplifted cross on the mountain of Death in the sad Passion-tide. "Greater love has no man than this." Can you point out, dearest friends, any one on earth who would give his time, his work, nay, his whole life, gratuitously for you? I think such and such are very few and far between; you would hardly find any one, save Jesus, to do it for you. And see how that work has increased. Once it was confined to a small country and a small nation. Now "the brook has become a river, and the river a sea." Now it has overrun the earth. "Everywhere and in every place" the dear Name of Jesus is preached, and men come and worship Him now at this most holy time in the Blessed Sacrament, in temples of stone, great and glorious, where beauty spreads around us, "born of holiness," with the windows storied and traced with the bright figures of the saints, and "arch and vault and carving and lights of varied tone;" and there are ever there the priests of God and the white-robed choristers, and the sweet music, and "the softened words and holy prayer and praise and love;" and the great salvation is set forth, so that none can say "there is no hope." Shall we not, then, "do all for Jesus?" Look behind you, at those who have run their race. Did not they do all for Jesus, and are not they happy now, past all happiness, "having obtained the reward of the crucified?" Did not all the Apostles do "all for Jesus," and strive with strength and might and main, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*? St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles; St. James, the dear Lord's brother; St. Paul, the aged and tried warrior in the mighty fight,—did they turn their backs to the foe, or flinch from the weary struggle? Their lives were nothing else, but "all for Jesus." I know if you were to go out into the world, and say that you would try and be like them; that Jesus was your aim and your way and your life; that your work was for Him alone, you would be laughed at.

You might perhaps find some that would agree with you in a way, and say that it was all very right and proper, but "time enough for that" by-and-by. But what is it in the reality? Is it not in this world persecution, and in the life to come the eternal reward?

Life is short; it is fleeting. A few years more, "a little while," a few more carking cares, and then there is a name written on the tombstone; and among our fellows, in a little space, that name is forgotten. Is not this the generality of men's lives? Might not one as well never have lived, and never had any name? All that remains to us is the name on the tombstone and in the Church's register. So much for what the world thinks. But surely we will do something more than this. Surely our lives are given us for something more than merely plodding on, living a life of carking care, and just thinking "sufficient is the day for the evil thereof," just merely dawdling through life. We have a name to live, a name to leave behind us, a name that will either be for ever with God, known unto the blessed angels and the saints in "the sweet Jerusalem" for the good deeds of love and self-denial done on earth, "all for Jesus;" or known,—O horrible thought!—in the place of the lost, among the angels of darkness, as the man who did such and such things. Now is the time to answer the question; this, the ending of the old year and the commencement of the new year, what we shall do? Shall it be "all for Jesus," or merely dawdling; henceforth doing nothing much for Jesus, or very much for the enemy of Jesus? The answer which you will say to yourself will be easy enough, but to carry out that answer the work will be hard. But it is to be done "through Jesus." Let us see what "doing all for Jesus" is. Think of that man, who from his cradle to his grave has been Christ's true and faithful servant, and a very few there are who have done this—think of that man, believing what he says in His Master's house on earth, and carrying them out with him out of that house to the busy world around. "They are my Master's words," he says,

"therefore they are true, and therefore I will do them." He is striving always. He is prayerful always. He is very humble, kind, and compassionate, a lover of good men, a helper of the friendless, a consoler of the sorrowful. He is generally, on all the great and holy days of the Church, and on every Lord's-day, to be found in his place in God's earthly dwelling-place; yea, he draws near often and often to his Jesus in the holy mysteries; for by this, and this only, he knows full well he may become a saint, because he receives within him "the Holy of Holies," yea, Holiness its very self. He is also sometimes to be found in the choir, singing sweet and holy chants, in imitation of the angels' music; because, by doing this, regardless of those who sit in "the seat of the scornful," he knows that he is doing something for Jesus. He thinks often and often to himself, "How thankful I am God has given me this most sweet gift, because by it I am learning to sing here the songs of 'my Father's house.'" To him sometimes,—yes, oftentimes,—nay, almost always, this earth is "a strange land;" and by the sad "waters of Babylon" he sits and muses of the "heavenly city" and of his King who is there, and of the Prince in His beauty; and ever and anon the wells of water spring up here and there, and he drinks and is glad; and on and on he goes singing the Lord's song. He is always happy. And why? Because he knows that he is trying "to do all for Jesus;" and that Jesus, his dear Lord, is doing all for him; and that the Holy Sacrament is his stronghold, and the prayers of the Church, of the faithful, and of the saints and angels, are his rearguard. Ah! dearest brothers and sisters in the dear Lord, did we know our own blessings, and make full use of all our opportunities, how our lives might be changed. The truth of the matter is, we try too much; we try to serve God, and we try to serve the world. It is not "all for Jesus," but a little here and a little there, and perhaps a little more for our own self. "Things are not what they seem." Things which have the appearance of beauty are not always beautiful; "it is not all gold that glitters." And so with life itself: the real things of beauty

are to be found with Jesus, the maker of all beauty. Man may make and make, but he cannot make the things of beauty which the dear Lord makes. So it is our gain "to do all for Jesus," to be all of us so many Christophers, desirous of serving the strongest and the greatest master. There is no one stronger than Jesus. You may think the world is strong, but just try it a little while, and see how it weakens and enervates. There is no trust, no sure hope in it. Follow it only, and for the good you may have done, as far as Christ's kingdom is concerned, it will be merely the name written upon the tombstone. You have had "a name to live and are dead." And ah! the lying down then. The gentle voice of Jesus, speaking softly and gently and sweetly as He did to the dead maiden in the holy Gospels, will not be for you; neither will it be the strong, stern voice which bade Lazarus "come forth." You will have spent your all, and have had nothing to give to Jesus. But this be far

from us. Listen then, dearest ones, to the sweet voice of Jesus, now, at this most holy time. He is speaking kindly and gently to you as unto the dear little maiden. And what is that other word which He also says? Is it not, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Let your name be as the ointment poured forth, sweeter even than Mary's sweetest ointment. Yes, let us do all for Jesus; do all for Him, His Church, His priests, and His sacraments. And why? Because He has done all for us; and not only so, but from "His bright throne amid the angels" He is doing all for us now, by His great intercession, by His holy sacrifice, and by His hands of blessing uplifted.

Yes,—

"The sound of the fight has gone forth,

And we must not tarry at home,
For our Lord from the south and from the north
Has commanded His soldiers to come."

G. C. NIFFAC.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

THEY wait with patience through the bright young spring,
While violets bloom and primrose buds are seen,
Yet no fair blossoms crown their leaves of green,
No new sweet life to them the spring days bring;
They wait whilst fond birds to their young ones sing,
But no glad music heralds forth their birth,
Or wakes them from their sleep with songs of mirth.
They wait while summer doth her warm arms fling
Over the brown earth, where they still do lie,
When autumn with her crown of gold and red,
Scatters her treasures bright to fade and die;
But 'neath the winter's snow to Robin's song,
The roses rise from their deep quiet bed,
And when they wake, their rest does not seem long^b.

MARY.

TRUE Christian religion teaches and tutors the soul to a high reverence and veneration of Almighty God; a sincere and upward walking, as in the presence of the invisible all-seeing God; it makes a man truly to love, to honour, to obey Him, and therefore careful to know what His will is; it gives the law not only to his words and actions, but to his very thoughts and purposes; it gives the man a right es-

timate of this present world, and sets his heart and hopes above it, so that he never loves it more than it deserves; it brings a man to that frame—that righteousness, justice, honesty, and fidelity are as it were, parts of his nature; he performs all his duties to God in sincerity, integrity and constancy: in sum, it restores the image of God unto the soul in righteousness and true holiness.—*Sir M. Hale.*

^a Vide Legend of S. Christopher. ^b "And when she wakes, she will not think it long."—*Christina Rossetti.*

WAYSIDE MUSINGS.

II NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

"My future from my past unlinking
Each dying year untwines the spell."

"Another ridge of Time's lone moorland cross'd."

WHAT a time of tender associations and holy memories is the New Year! scarcely less so, perhaps, than Christmas itself. We are truly glad to see the custom becoming more and more general of having some religious service on New Year's Eve. Possibly early associations may have something to do with this pleasurable feeling, but surely it must be more seemly to spend the hours that mark off a new stage of our existence in devotional exercises than in revelry and dissipation.

Are there no "vacant chairs"—if not at our own fireside, at those of many we know intimately—since the year began? And how do we know that ours may not be that vacant place when another New Year comes round?

Let us pause, then, and, as if from another Pisgah's summit, look back upon the past, and forward, as we best may, into the misty future.

We seem to take things too much as a matter of course, and to think that each new year will come to us just as its fellows have done, amid the damps and desolation or the frosts and cold of winter, to be necessarily followed by spring and summer. Yea, truly, spring and summer will come again; but will they come to us? And if they do not, where may we reasonably expect to be? In the land where—

"No cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;"—

or, where the summer's sun shineth never more? God forbid!

With some of us the years fleet by in pretty much the same even course; but with others, each month seems as it were to bring some fresh event, which stirs the stream of our life, and brings with it anxiety or trouble in some shape or way.

"But in each tempest over earth that breaks,
I count one fewer yet to come.
One cross the less remains for me to bear;

That which is added to the troubled past
Is taken from the future, whose sad store
Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore."

Many young people are surprised that their elders remember so well events which happened on such and such a day, many, many years ago. But the wonder would be if they could forget them. They have left their impress on their spirits, or perhaps character, even as the riven tree tells, long after, of the lightning shaft, or the brighter green shews how far the stream overflowed the parched meadows. Memory has its pleasures and its pains, and the Creator designed that it should have lessons for us also, when He urged the Israelites to think over all the way the Lord had led them; and more particularly, by ordering that stones of remembrance should be raised up, to keep in their minds the wonderful passage of the Jordan. And each year might certainly call for some permanent record of its events, whether in the history of nations or individuals.

Perhaps, as we mentally retrace our lives during the past year, we cannot all feel that "He has led us by the *right* way;" but, no doubt, we shall know it hereafter. Some of us have dwelt at an Elim, whose towering palms will remind us of our pleasant sojourn beneath their welcome shade. Others have tasted the bitter waters of affliction, and will not soon forget Marah. Some are weary and footsore in life's journey with the thorns and briars of daily troubles; while, with others, joys have sprung up as plentifully as wild-flowers on their path. But, whether our memorial of the past year be a cross, or a rose-crowned pillar, surely each should bear the same inscription—*Ebenezer*.

Whilst at a pause in the march of life, can we help looking on to the future as well as to the past? Do we not all wonder what the new-born year has in store for us? But all is shrouded in the mist of the unknown, and we cannot tell whether there lies cloud or sunshine beyond. We turn, then, again to the past; and as our eye rests on the Sign of the Crucified, let us gird up our loins once more, take staff in hand, perchance, too, a cross on the shoulder, and manfully resume the march of life, until—all the yearly milestones of life passed, and our journey ended—another hand than ours erects our memorial, inscribing thereon, "*Requiescat in pace.*"

ELLIS LISLE.

SHAMBLING SAM; OR, A CLUMSY FOOT MAY TREAD THE
RIGHT ROAD.



The village boys taunting poor Sam.—(p. 10.)

CHAPTER I.

“AYE, neighbour, learning is a fine thing, sure enough, but learning ain’t everything,” said Dame Gillan to her old friend Susan Barrow, who had just stepped in to have what she called “a little chavish.” The “chavish” was about her two boys James and Samuel, who, by their father’s desire, had gone that evening for the first time to the village night-school.

“No,” replied Susan, “t’aint the learning only, but our Sam do seem such a stupid unhandy fellow. He is always doing the wrong thing and not the right; and yet he’s a tender, kind-hearted lad, who would

not hurt a fly. And, you see, it angers his father so, ’cause Jem is so’ clever at everything . . . And there’s his clothes too; . . . the other day, I cut up his father’s coat, (that was his best five years ago,) that one, ye know, with the bright yellow buttons; and I made a neat jacket for Sam; but bless you! he’s out at elbows already; but Jem he’s always neat and tidy, though he gets less clothes than Sam.”

“How old is Sam?” asked Dame Gillan, rather abruptly.

“Eighteen come Michaelmas; three years younger than Jem,” replied Susan.

“I wonder Barrow can spare the boys for schooling now!” remarked Dame Gillan

“Well, you see,” replied Susan, “it’s now

or never; and then Mr. Gordon, the new minister's schoolmaster, he do get the boys on so! Barrow, he said it was of no use for to go and send our Sam; but the lad looked so down-hearted that I coaxed his father over."

A pause ensued, during which Dame Gillan seemed to be rather thoughtful. At last she said, "And about the Confirmation, neighbour?"

"Oh! I don't know; you see, Barrow and me don't go and set up for regular church-going folks; and the new minister seems to be full of crankums, and won't be pleased, I take it, if the boys ain't at the rectory very regular to be taught; and they can't have such a precious lot o' teaching after all,—who will help Barrow?"

Dame Gillan was silent for a moment, and then looking steadfastly at her neighbour, she said, "Susan, I wish you and Barrow would be regular church-going folks!"

She was going to add more, but there was a knock at the door, which knock was at once followed by the appearance of Susan's son "Jem," an intelligent-looking, well-dressed youth, who, having duly shaken hands with Dame Gillan, proceeded to give an account of the night-school. But before the Dame would listen, she inquired, "And where's Sam?"

"Sam? oh! Dame Gillan, he's outside; catch him coming in!"

"What! not when the rain's coming on!" exclaimed the old woman; and then, going towards the door, she opened it and looked out, but could only descry a dark figure perched on a low branch of a tree in the distance.

"There he is!" said Jem, who had followed her. "Stop, there's the parson talking to him. I only wonder he don't cut away, he's always so bashful."

It must be confessed that Sam's first impulse had been to "cut away," as his brother expressed it; but somehow Mr. Glover spoke to him so kindly, that Sam felt ashamed to follow his inclination in this matter. He however took the precaution of moving a little higher up the sturdy branch which served him as a seat.

He was amusing himself by dangling his two very long legs, and it did not occur to him to stop this innocent recreation, so that Mr. Glover had to keep at a discreet distance, for two hob-nailed boots were on an exact level with his head. Certainly Sam did look a strange figure; the jacket was out at elbows, as his mother had said, and one of the bright buttons alone adorned it; his corduroy trowsers were considerably up his legs; his cap was at the foot of the tree, so that his rough, thick, sandy hair duly shewed its patches of black, for Sam had been writing, and had not been at any loss for a pen-wiper. He was biting a stick, and only grunted in monosyllables in reply to Mr. Glover's questions. The latter was naturally a little shocked at Sam's disrespectful manner, but kindly ascribing it to mere awkward shyness, he did not notice it; as, however, he could get nothing out of the boy, he walked on, hoping that in time he might win poor Sam's confidence.

"What has the parson been saying to you, Shambling Sam?" asked one village boy after another.

"Tain't nought to you," replied Sam, rather surlily.

"A wantin' him to go to church, I takes it," said George Wyatt, a little white-headed fellow.

"'Cause he's such a beauty to look at," added Miles Collins, the Squire's undergardener, who happened to be passing by, and never missed an opportunity of twitting Sam.

Sam's temper had been rather tried by the boys laughing at him at school, so jumping down from the tree, he replied indignantly, "My duds is paid for and yourn ain't, with all your fine ways, Miles Collins!"

"Say that again," said Collins.

Sam coolly repeated his word, and Collins hit him a tremendous blow. Now, in one sense, Sam was no coward, and yet he knew nothing of the courage and bravery of forbearance; so, exerting his whole strength, which was not small, he returned the blow with interest, and with far more violence than, in his passion, he was aware of. Collins was a delicate young man of eigh-

teen; he fainted from the effects of Sam's castigation, which, as soon as the latter perceived, his anger at once gave way to a feeling of real concern. Collins, although really hurt, soon recovered sufficiently to walk home, muttering anything but kindly wishes respecting Sam. It was late before Sam went to his bed, upon which he at once threw himself, without any attempt either to say a prayer or to undress.

John Barrow was a carpenter in the village, which we will call "Petersley." As his wife had truly said, neither he nor she were church-going folks; now and then they would wander to a methodist chapel in the next village, where a cousin of Barrow's lived, with whom they occasionally liked to spend a Sunday. This was the extent of their worship; and their sons, James and Samuel, had been allowed to grow up as though they possessed bodies and minds, but nothing further.

The boys, as we have said, presented a striking contrast, not only in capabilities, but in dispositions. James was cool, clever, and rather calculating; whilst Sam was outspoken and impulsive, affectionate and, as we have seen, sadly passionate.

The next morning, whilst the Barrows were at breakfast, and Sam comfortably eating his porridge, the party was disturbed by rather a loud knock at the door, and the Squire's keeper, John Weston, a powerful, athletic man, appeared, to conduct Sam over to Welby Hall, that the injury done to Miles Collins might be inquired into. John added very significantly, "If he won't come with me, the Squire will send some one else for him."

Now, such a threat from Squire Welby was not a vain one, for he was a very active magistrate, and had the reputation of being rather a severe one.

"What ha' ye been arter now, ye ne'er-do-well?" asked the carpenter, fiercely; but Sam did not reply: he hung his head, and moved slowly towards Weston.

"Answer me, will ye?" continued Barrow, knocking poor Sam's head against the wall, and not thereby brightening the boy's intellect.

"Nay, Barrow, don't you be hard on the lad, boys will be boys," said John

who could not fancy that the fault was wholly Sam's.

"Boys needn't be fools, though!" exclaimed the carpenter; "there, take the lumbering idiot away; the less I see of him the better."

Susan lifted her apron to her eyes, but James seemed very composed, and was even smiling at the funny figure Sam cut, as the keeper collared him. Sam followed John Weston very quietly, and never even looked up, till a kind voice behind him said, "Why, Barrow, what have you been about?" and then he would have liked to sink into the ground, for the voice was Mr. Glover's. Sam could not reply, and Weston only said, "Fighting, sir;" so Mr. Glover passed on, determining to enquire further into the matter, as he was himself going to the Squire upon some business.

Sam was taken into the Squire's study, and Miles Collins was sent for. He looked so pale, and his face was so swollen, that Sam quite started, which Mr. Welby did not fail to notice. "So, Barrow," he said, "you have been fighting, I hear, and have seriously hurt my under-gardener. What have you to say for yourself? Mind you speak the truth."

"He gave me a clout, and so I knocked him down and gave him four; but I didn't mean to hurt him so bad, that I didn't."

"Oh, Miles, then you were the aggressor?" said Mr. Welby, looking at Collins in a way which made him flinch.

"He insulted me, sir."

"What did he say?"

No answer.

"What did you say, Barrow?"

Sam told the truth.

"I think you are both much to blame," said Mr. Welby, "but Barrow has at least been truthful; still, if Collins gets worse, or has an illness from the treatment he has received, I shall feel that other measures must be taken. You will both be punished anyhow, for Collins is now too weak to take part in the cricket-match to-morrow, and will not enter the field; and you, Sam, will not come either, you may consider yourself in disgrace."

Now Miles Collins had many friends in

Petersley, for he had high wages, and was very lavish of his money, although he also had, unknown to any one in the village, a poor old mother in London in sore need of help. Great was the indignation felt against Sam, more especially as it was affirmed that the new parson had got him off; and although he had been so very gently dealt with by Mr. Welby, he received different treatment from his father, who, being annoyed that a son of his should have been "had up before the Squire," administered a most severe flogging to Sam, on his return from Welby Hall. John Barrow was not a cruel man, and he really believed that strong measures were required in this instance. Sam bore his punishment sullenly, though unflinchingly, and was not seen for the rest of that day.

CHAPTER II.

THE following afternoon all the villagers were in the cricket-field behind Mr. Welby's house. "The Petersley eleven against the Stalton Club," Stalton being a neighbouring village. James Barrow was doing wonders amongst the Petersley cricketers, and was not a little proud when he found that he had once or twice attracted the Squire's special notice. The play was very equal on both sides, but at last the contest was decided in favour of Petersley; and many voices exclaimed, "Twas Jemmy Barrow's bowling did it." Mr. Glover looked rather doubtfully and anxiously at the said Jemmy Barrow, who was strutting about, looking very much as though he thought himself a hero; and who was, of course, being made much of by the Petersley side.

"What's your brother doing with himself?" asked Mr. Glover, when at last young Barrow crossed his path. James touched his cap, but shrugged his shoulders with a smile, as his sole reply.

John Barrow was in the field also, and was so anxious not to be supposed to uphold his son Samuel in his misdemeanour, that he informed all his friends that "he had given the young rascal a rare good drubbing."

"Not so rare as I'll give him when I'm

better," muttered Miles Collins between his teeth; for he had come into the cricket-field in spite of the Squire's words, and he took good care to keep out of Mr. Welby's sight. At the close of the evening, the latter spoke a few kind words to the cricketers; and then Mr. Glover, in a hearty, manly way, commended the energy and earnestness they had displayed in their amusements, and asked them if they would not bring the same heartiness to bear upon higher and holier things also. He spoke of the Confirmation-class, and of his desire to see many candidates from amongst the youths assembled there that night, assuring them that the love of an all-loving God would never mar their innocent pleasures.

Jemmy Barrow, who, I suppose, thought himself privileged, whispered to the boys near him that the parson was going to preach them a sermon; but no one echoed his words.

When the Barrows returned home, they found Sam safe indoors. Barrow rather knocked the boy about, and hardly spoke to him; Jemmy taunted and teased him, and Susan could not forbear lecturing him a little, though the poor fellow looked sorrowful enough. The next morning he skulked out to his work before the rest were up; and as he was passing through the village on an errand, had to bear volleys of derision from the boys. "How d'ye feel by this time, Sam?"—"Collins ain't far, if you want another row."—"Did your father comfort you, eh?" All this was agony to Sam, and it was a good thing for all parties that his tormentors did not venture too near him. He was not a very quick runner, or, as it was, they might have repented their words. He felt more painfully shy than ever; and later in the day, when he met the Squire, he did not dare look up, or even touch his cap, which Mr. Welby remarked, and he thought the boy was sulky and disrespectful.

In the evening, however, Sam went off to night-school. Mr. Glover would be there, and there would be some chance of comfort in his presence, for no one dared be unkind before him. Sam felt that a friendly eye was upon him: his sum, as he said himself, "turned out right," and he

was getting almost cheerful, when he spied a very ludicrous caricature of himself being chastised by his father. Mr. Glover happened to take up the slate, and a little boy volunteered information as to the subject of the drawing. This was an overwhelming mortification to poor Sam. He could do nothing after that, could not even say the "first commandment." The schoolmaster looked hopeless. Mr. Glover saw how matters stood, and said he would teach Sam himself; but when he slowly shuffled out of his dark corner towards his new instructor, there was a shout of laughter. The fact was that Sam, who had taken off the jacket that he might feel more free in moving some heavy desks, had put it on again wrong-side-outwards; and there he stood with the one remaining brass button peeping out from within, and the seams (not very neat ones) appearing outside. This fresh trouble was altogether too much for poor Sam; he made at once for the school-door, and no calling or persuading could get him to return. A whole month elapsed before he ventured to reappear. He did his work in a heavy, stupid way, and as he expressed it, "had no dealings with nobody."

In the meantime, several boys had come to the Confirmation-class. The teaching them was indeed up-hill work, except in Jemmy Barrow's case; Jemmy's text and piece of Catechism were always carefully learned, and generally understood. He was likely to be, amongst the boys, a higher village authority than ever; for one day he had been sent for to Welby Hall to help Collins in the gardens. Barrow and his wife were increasingly proud of him, though they were sometimes hurt by his manner, which, at times, was far from respectful. This, however, they concealed from Mr. Glover, who yet was anxious about him. He did not indeed feel himself justified in delaying the lad's confirmation, but he used every means in his power to awaken him to a deep sense of religious truth, and obligation; and James really appeared to behave so well, that Mr. Glover hoped and believed that his words had made a lasting impression. As for poor Sam, the teaching him was a work which, as Dame Gillan affirmed,

"none but the parson could be brave enough for." He would fix his big earnest eyes on Mr. Glover's, and then thoughtfully give any answer but the right one.

There was always a titter when "Shambling Sam" had to speak; so much so, that Mr. Glover taught him what he could privately. His memory was so bad, too, that there seemed but little hope of his ever getting through his Catechism.

Barrow said, "It is simple folly for to go and teach Sam anything." The boy knew this, but yet never, strange to say, once suggested "giving it up."

"Only another six weeks to the time," thought Mr. Glover, sorrowfully, one afternoon as he entered the schoolroom where his Confirmation-class had just assembled. He enquired for Sam Barrow.

"He ain't come, please sir," was the answer.

"If he keeps away," thought Mr. Glover, "that will settle it; he must give it up, then, poor fellow; he can read fairly though; it does seem a pity. Why is he away?" he asked, anxiously.

"Don't know, sir."

"Please, sir, he were a coming," pleaded one of the very few friends whom Sam Barrow had.

When again the class assembled without him, Mr. Glover did not ask why he was not there, for every one at Petersley knew that, as the villagers expressed it, "he was down with the fever, mortal bad."

Mr. Glover went to him day after day, but the lad seldom recognised him; and for many days poor Sam's life was in great danger. At length the crisis came. He survived, and began slowly to recover; and Mr. Glover, who had a real affection for him, felt very thankful, and looked forward to his being confirmed a year later, at Stalton.

He was sitting one afternoon alone in his study, making notes of the last lesson he should give his class before the Confirmation-day, when he was told that Sam Barrow wished to speak to him. "Why, Sam, I thought you could hardly walk from home," he said.

Sam stood twirling his cap, looking first

very pale and then very red, both hands and legs shaking.

"Sam, you sit down," said Mr. Glover, in a tone of authority; and Sam obeyed, though to sit down in the parson's study and in the parson's presence seemed to him to be a most unheard-of thing to do. Still he did not speak, and Mr. Glover, feeling sure he had something special to say, laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying, "Come, my lad, what is it? let me hear all about it;" and then Sam, squeezing the poor cap into every possible shape, managed to say a sentence, out of which Mr. Glover could only hear the word "confirmed;" he guessed at the rest. "I'm so sorry for you, my poor fellow," he said; "it's a great disappointment to me, I can tell you; but Sam, you can go to Stalton next year, you know: strangely enough, I was just thinking about you when you came in."

Sam took courage. "Mightn't I be done this time, sir?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you don't know enough about it," said Mr. Glover, not a little astonished. "What makes you wish it so much?"

The lad tugged nervously at coat and cap, and everything that his shaky hand could reach; but Mr. Glover's calm, patient manner helped him, and at last he looked up into his face, and said reverently, "Please, sir, don't the Holy Ghost come upon us to strengthen us then?"

"Indeed you are right, Sam," said Mr. Glover. "Where did you learn this?"

"Please, sir, in the Bible. I were a reading in the Acts while I were sick, and I found it there; and I've been a-thinking I'd find it easier to do right if I got the laying on of hands. But then ——," and Sam stopped.

"But then what?"

"Please, sir," and Sam spoke fast, afraid of his courage failing, "I've done lots of awful wicked things since I were a little chap, and I ain't fit like for the Holy Ghost to come upon;" and Mr. Glover could see that the thin bony hands were wet with the tears they had been trying to hide. He opened his pocket Bible, and without speaking pointed to the words,—"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Then followed earnest, loving words, which I will not attempt to write down.

Sam, after this, came of his own accord daily to Mr. Glover, who had the joy of knowing that the lad's repentance was thorough and sincere.

On the Confirmation-day, there was Sam half dragging himself up the aisle; then with weak and trembling limbs he knelt at the altar, and (let us not doubt it) received what he had humbly and penitently sought, the gift of the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands.

(To be continued.)

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

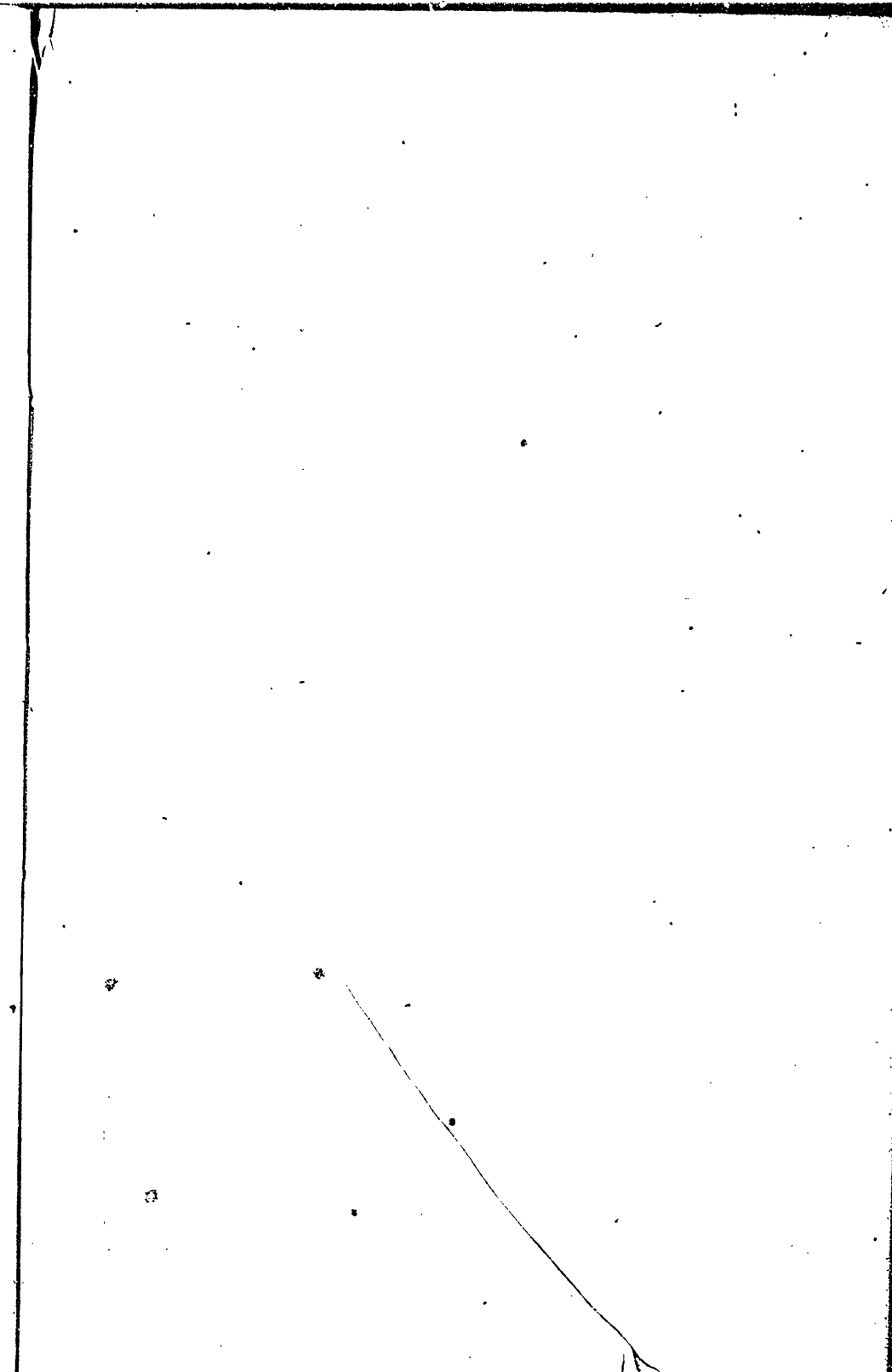
NAY, think not yet of resting
Ere thy life's work be done,
Work through dark days and dreary;

Your crown has to be won.
E'en strive your Lord to follow,
And you, Life's long night o'er,
Regardless of past dangers
Shall stand upon the shore.

Darkness for ever past,
And cross'd Life's ocean-^{ast},
You shall find rest ^{ast},

For Jesus'-sake. Amen.

A. E.





"You are just in time to see 'Married as before he goes,' said Dorothy."—(G. 15.)

"NIL DESPERANDUM," OR, THE FORTUNES OF A LOYAL HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

TWO CHILDREN.

"That old house of yours which gave
Such welcomes oft to me, the sunbeams fall
Still, down the squares of blue and white which
pave
Its hospitable hall."—*Jean Ingelou.*

THE hawthorn was blooming in the Dorsetshire lanes, and the chesnuts were coming into flower, when Captain Audley, followed at some distance by his servant, rode up the avenue to Dering Hall. He looked up, as he drew near, at the long grey front of the house, with its rows of narrow windows, the flight of nine steps leading up to the great heavy door, and the Lyne arms carved above it. Ever since he was a boy, Frank Audley had studied that shield, and wished the pretty crest was his; a Phoenix rising out of the ashes, with the motto, "Nil desperandum." Underneath the shield, on the keystone of the arch, the date 1550 was deeply cut; the present house, which had succeeded to a rough old fortification, was not a hundred years old yet.

In a few minutes, the visitor had dismounted, and followed the grave serving-man, who recognised him with a bow and smile, across the cool quiet hall into a large room beyond. Here the Phoenix was repeated five times, on the bosses that supported two beams, and in the centre of the carved chimney-piece. A lute was lying in one of the low window-seats, and a lady's work-table stood close by; but nobody was there. Outside, on the green terrace overlooking the park, which ran along that side of the house, a lady was feeding her pigeons. The pretty things flapped and fluttered about her, perched on her shoulder, and strutted at her feet, seeming almost to think more of her than of the grain she was throwing to them. It was such a pleasant picture, that Captain Audley was almost sorry when it was destroyed by the servant, who went to tell her of his arrival. The

pigeons were forgotten, and in another moment Mistress Dorothy Lyne was in the room, pouring out pretty welcomes to her cousin Frank. She was not beautiful, but had a bright, engaging, changeable little face, with wistful grey eyes; her figure was small and slight, and she hardly looked eighteen. It seemed a long way for her to look up to her tall fair cousin, between whom and herself there was certainly no family likeness; he had blue eyes and straight regular features, and was generally thought one of the handsomest of King Charles's cavalier subjects.

"You are just in time to see Marmaduke before he goes," said Dorothy, sitting down in a tall chair by the window, where a ray of evening sunlight just caught her brown curls.

"So much the better. When does he go?"

"Alack! to-morrow. Yet I ought not to be sorry. Do not think it disloyalty, for I am as glad as he himself can be that he has scraped together such a goodly troop:—fifty men and horses, from the villages round about here. Some of the gentlemen joined him, you know—but Marmaduke is to command them."

"The youngest, is he not?"

"Except your ~~g~~ Latimer. But he knows what he is doing. Why, the thing would never have been done, but for him. Some eight-and-twenty of the men are ours. Old Squire Cheyne will give him all the advice he can need."

"Ah, I wonder that Squire Cheyne is not himself in command."

"It was offered to him, but he would not have it. The Dering troop: does it not sound well? I have embroidered their banner for them, with the Phoenix and our motto. Here comes the brave boy, to tell you all himself."

Sir Marmaduke Lyne was only three years older than his sister, small and slight, like her, with eager dark eyes, and long black love-locks floating on his shoulders. He was dressed far more gaily than his cousin, with a scarlet coat and

blue scarf, and a curly white feather in his hat.

"Welcome, Frank! Are you come to ride with us, or only to wish us good speed?"

"To bid you good speed, with all my heart. I wish I could ride with you. I should like well to serve under Hopton."

"Come, then, my lad! A soldier like you would be our mainstay. Why, here am I at the head of them all: what do I know about soldiering? but with you at my right hand, the Dering troop might indeed teach those crop-eared rogues a lesson."

"That you will do, without any leading of mine. But where is this troop? can I see it?"

"Not to-night. The good fellows are all at home, spending the last evening with their wives and children. I ought to be waiting on my sweet little sister; what say you, master Frank? But there is so much to do and to think of before we go; Dolly knows it as well as I do. She must forget the parting, and look to the joyful home-coming, when the crop-eareds are scattered to the four winds."

"I know," said Dorothy, smiling at her brother; "I do think of that. You see, Frank, we may expect success in such a cause as ours. Thank Heaven I am not a Roundhead's sister!"

"You would lead him a sorry life," said Sir Marmaduke, laughing; "and as to success,—if there is only my sword, or my hat and plume, to be brought back to Dering, Dolly will not forget that a glorious death at one-and-twenty is better than a long sleepy cowardly life of seventy years;—so she will not mourn too bitterly."

"No," said Dorothy; adding in a lower tone, "Only pray that she may die too."

Captain Audley looked at his young cousins, with whom loyalty was a passion, and sighed. King Charles had no braver or truer servant than himself, but yet, like Lord Falkland, he mourned over the war, and the cutting down of Englishmen went sorely against him. It made him sad to see the red shadow of war falling on the peaceful house where he had spent so many happy days, and on the young lives of the brother and sister, whose spirit

and courage, at the same time, he admired with all his heart. He was now on his return to Oxford, and had come out of his way to visit them, having been sent to Ragland Castle with a message from the king to the Marquis of Worcester, after the fall of Reading.

Later in the evening, as they sat at supper in the dark panelled dining-room, he and Marmaduke talked of the position of the different armies, of Lord Hertford's advancing into the west, of Prince Rupert's late gallant doings in Staffordshire, and of the prospects of Sir Ralph Hopton's stout little Cornish army, which the Dering troop was about to join. Dorothy listened intently for some time, and then was suddenly tired of sitting still, and went out upon the terrace, and down into the garden below, in the sweet summer twilight. Presently Sir Marmaduke went to see after some of the morrow's arrangements, and her cousin followed her, soon catching sight of the little white figure, as it moved among the trees.

"Have you done with your warlike talk?" said Dorothy, as he came up to her.

"For this time, yes. Indeed, I am tired of it. Last week, at Ragland, there was nothing else; and now—even at old Dering."

"How can you expect anything else, in such times? You seem very fond of old Dering," said Dorothy, who looked upon her cousin as immeasurably older than herself and Marmaduke. He had been king and ruler in all their childish games, and though he was only twenty-seven now, his grave and self-possessed manner made him seem older than his years.

"Fond of old Dering," he repeated, with a slight trembling in his voice, which she scarcely noticed. "Yes, I love the place as if it were my own home. How will you and it be guarded, if any Roundhead troops come this way?"

"Oh! the people will rise and defend us."

"I do not know that! Promise me this, Dorothy; that if you see a prospect of any danger, you will send a messenger off at once to me at Oxford. And if you are yourself obliged to escape, fly nowhere but to Oxford. Even if I am not there, you will find friends to take care of you."

"You look on the dark side of things," said Dorothy; "why, the war will be over in a few months, and we shall all be happy at home again."

"Heaven grant it may! But you have not promised."

"I shall make no such promises. I have no wish to desert our good people here, and to fly to Oxford, or anywhere else. They would not welcome such a cowardly Royalist."

"Do not be so brave. Remember that prudence is the better part of valour."

"Very soldierly counsel, sir, for which I thank you. You keep that proverb in mind, no doubt, when you are fighting for the king."

"It would be something," thought cruel Dorothy, "to stir a little anger in this calm gentleman." But she was disappointed, for Frank only smiled.

"Think so, if you will," he said. "I shall expect a messenger if you are in any danger here; and if you are forced to leave the place, you know where to find shelter. Does your man Wake ride with them to-morrow?"

"Oh no! good Christopher is our watchdog; we could not do without him."

"I am glad! How long it seems since I last walked in this garden. Is the toad still alive that lived in that hollow tree?"

"I have not seen him peeping out of lat. But my mind has been full of other things than toads. That banner—you must see it—has taken me so long, and so many of the people have been ailing this spring. Frank, when the war is done, and Marmaduke and I are together at home again, we mean to build almshouses near the church for eight old men and eight old women. We shall have our arms over the middle door, with the words, 'To the glory of God,' cut above them in the stone, and the first letters of our names joined together down below. It is so sad for the poor people, when they grow old and weak, and can no longer work for themselves. Dame Lucy's leaves and blankets are not half enough for them. What do you say to our thought?"

"It is a good thought, and I wish it may be happily carried out."

"I am to lay the first stone," said Dorothy. "How I wish the day would come! But a few glorious battles must be fought first. Listen! there is Marmaduke calling."

She hurried up one of the steep paths that led to the terrace, and her cousin followed her more slowly. Her gown, as she passed, brushed against a cluster of yellow primroses that grew low down by the side of the pathway. He suddenly stooped, gathered one of the little flowers, kissed it, and thrust it away out of sight. Then, grave and self-possessed as ever, he went on to join his cousins.

CHAPTER II.

THE PHENIX.

"Take thy banner: let it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave."

Longfellow.

THE next morning, when Captain Audley looked out at the north window of his large room, the paved yard below was full of men and horses, whose tramping, clattering, and shouting echoed among the buildings, while the sun flashed merrily on their steel caps and carbines. Going down into the hall, he found his cousin Dorothy entertaining a group of gentlemen, most of whom he already knew; and he stood talking to one and the other, till the troop came out of the yard, formed in column, and marched away to the church, to join in the service with which the Rector of Dering was to dismiss them. Down the avenue they marched, across the village-green, and on to the little low-roofed church, where the people had worshipped for several hundred years, among the graves of their forefathers. Sir Marmaduke and the other officers were with their men, and Dorothy Lyne followed the troop, leaning on Frank Audley's arm, and now and then drawing her silk hood a little further over her face.

All was quiet and peaceful in the church, where the old Lynes lay so still and solemn in their tombs, with the Phoenix blazoned on many a shield; the sun, not yet high in the sky, shone through the painted east window, throwing rich colours on the stone

pavement. The white-haired Rector read the service in a clear and strong voice, and bade them, in a few earnest words, to be loyal to their God and king; and the new soldiers advanced in ranks to receive the Holy Sacrament from his hands, in preparation for the dangers and hardships they were about to go through. Marmaduke did not leave the Altar with the rest, but knelt on in his place, looking up once at the Rector, who, perhaps in answer to his look, pronounced the final blessing with one hand on the young man's head. Then they marched back to the Hall, followed by the village people, who had crowded after them into church, and who now waited about in the yard and avenue, while the soldiers sat down to their morning meal at long tables in the hall. Dorothy, the only lady there, sat at the head of her brother's table, eagerly attending to her guests, and talking cheerily of the return she longed for, when bells were to ring and flags were to wave, and the county was to welcome back its heroes. But Frank, as he waited on her, saw that she was often very near tears, and the old Rector watched her anxiously, for he saw it too. As soon as breakfast was over, and the men were gone out to prepare for departure, she hurried up into her own little cabinet, and, after standing for a moment with both hands clasped over her face, uncovered the banner she had worked, and shook out its silken folds. As she did this, there came a hasty step outside, and Marmaduke followed her into the room.

"What cheer, little Dolly? our friends are praising your rare courage."

She turned to her brother, and hid her face on his shoulder. Sir Marmaduke felt sadly ashamed of himself when he saw a tear of his own glistening on her curls.

"Why, child, you make a baby of me! So brave and bright as we have been all this time! Come, don't fear for me. The path of duty is straight and safe, as our parson says. Cheer up, little sister! you would not have me a boy for ever; and if I am a man, I must do a man's work."

"I know," said Dorothy, in a low voice; "I would not keep you."

But she did not move her head away at

once, and Sir Marmaduke held her fast, for they had never been parted before, and their brave young hearts were both very sad.

"I must not be so cowardly," she said at last, springing back to the banner. "'Nil desperandum!' I mean to have none other motto."

"Give me a lock of hair, to charm the bullets away. I never asked a lady for one before."

Dorothy instantly cut off one of her prettiest curls, wrapped it in a piece of parchment, and tied it up with red floss silk, and Marmaduke stowed it away under his buff coat. Then he took up the lance, on which the banner was hung, and they went downstairs together.

The troops were soon mustered at the foot of the nine stone steps; the horses were stamping impatiently, the officers and men were full of spirit, and the sun was shining down from a cloudless sky upon them all. Frank Audley thought the old Hall had never looked more beautiful: he and the Rector had been talking to the officers, but they moved to one side when Marmaduke and Dorothy came forward from the hall. She looked very pale, but her eyes were bright, and her small hands were clenched tightly round the lance. The banner, in its folds of royal blue, hung drooping above her head, the golden Phoenix rising from his ashes, and the crimson letters of the motto embroidered below; a wonderful piece of work for those little slight fingers. Her brother descended a few steps, and stood bareheaded while she gave the lance into his hand.

"Here is your banner," she said, in low clear tones. "May your troop carry it to victory, and bring it safely home!"

"I thank you in the name of us all," said Marmaduke, stooping, like a true cavalier, to kiss the fingers which seemed unwilling to unclasp themselves. A ringing cheer burst from soldiers and people. He came down the steps, gave the colours to young Latimer, a slight boy of nineteen, who was to be standard-bearer, mounted his tall chesnut horse, and rode to the head of the troop. A minute more, and the bugle sounded for departure. Marmaduke

looked back, and waved his hand in farewell to the little group at the door.

"Ah! once more!" sighed Dorothy to herself; and her cousin, the only one who heard the words, fancied she was going to fly down after Marmaduke for a last good-bye; but she stood still, with her hands clasped together, and the saddest longing in her eyes, while the troop, with their young leader at their head, rode slowly away down the avenue. The village people shouted their farewells, and waved their hands and kerchiefs, following the horsemen as they went, till only a few servants, the Rector, Frank, and Dorothy, were left at the Hall. She was the first to speak, turning to her cousin with what was meant for a bright smile.

"When must you leave me, Frank?"

"If I can be of any use to you, I need not go till evening."

"Then I will go and rest by myself, now. Farewell, dear sir."

She gave her hand to the Rector, who pressed it affectionately, but said nothing, and smiling again at Frank, she crossed the hall and went away upstairs. The old clergyman, after a few more words, went his way into the village, and Frank turned into the yard, where he found the very man he wished to see,—Christopher Wake, Sir Marmaduke's bailiff and general manager.

"So you are not gone to fight for the king," said Captain Audley, walking up to Christopher, who was standing disconsolate at the stable-door. He was a strong man, like his patron saint, and taller than Frank himself.

"No, sir; I'd have gone willingly, but Sir Marmaduke said I must stay at home and look after Mrs. Dorothy and the place: so here I stay."

"The place is no matter," began Frank; "at least, not so much. These are scarcely times for a young lady to be left unprotected."

"That she will never be, as long as I've a bone in my arm," answered Christopher, swinging a formidable cudgel as he spoke.

"Well, that was what I wished to say. You must take care of her; and if any Roundhead rascals come down upon you

here, send off a messenger to Oxford for help. If you think it best, bring her to Oxford, out of danger's way. 'Tis pity she is not there now, but she has no fancy to leave Dering."

"No," said Christopher; "Mrs. Dorothy will stand by her tenants, as long as they stand by her."

"She has a rare spirit, but it must not lead her into any risk. Remember, I trust in you. A word to me would bring speedy help at any time. And remember, she is very careless of herself; she may give orders that would bring her into danger; they must not be obeyed."

"Never fear, sir; I'll keep her as safe as if all the king's armies were camped round about her. You always had your own way here, captain; and you'll have it, still, I see."

"You would not wish to cross me here," said Frank, smiling. "I shall set off this evening for Oxford; can you ride a little way with me?"

"Ay, sir; I'll be ready. There's a strong horse in the stable here that might serve you for the first stage, and save your own. I could lead him back."

Frank went in to look at the animal, and then returned to the house, and wandered about in the hall and lower rooms, at last taking up Dorothy's lute, which still lay where she had left it the day before. Nothing but melancholy ditties would come into his head, as he sat there looking out upon the park and garden, basking in calm and brilliant sunshine. Not a loyal song, though he had but just seen the Dering troop ride off on their glorious errand, with their gold-embroidered banner flashing in the morning light. Nothing but this, of which the words stole up through the open window to Dorothy's room, where she was sitting sadly by herself, and made her wonder whether Frank really had any trouble on his mind, and if so, what it could be.

"Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

"Not a flower, not a flower, sweet
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend, greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall
 be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O where
 Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
 To weep there."

Somebody tapped at Dorothy's door, as she sat listening with her elbows on the table. It was the dignified housekeeper, Dame Bridget, who ruled supreme over the whole household, including Sir Marmaduke, and only excepting Dorothy, whom nobody could rule. Her mother had died when she was a little child, her father had always indulged her, and Marmaduke's chief pleasure was to do as she pleased, so that she had ruled all her life like a young queen at Dering.

"Mistress Dorothy, my dear," said the housekeeper, slowly entering the room; "'tis nigh dinner-time; and over and above that, there's your poor cousin sitting quite lost at the withdrawing-room window, singing to himself, for want of a soul to speak to. His time here is very short, poor gentleman, and if I may make bold to say so, 'tis scarce mannerly to leave him to himself the whole day."

"He is very happy, Bridget," said Dorothy, meekly enough. "I am going to him soon."

"Happy, forsooth! do happy people sing such dismal tunes? Sure I am that Sir Marmaduke would be vexed enough if he knew how you were using the poor young man. As to himself, one would think by your face that he had joined the Parliament army."

Dorothy could not help laughing as she rose up.

"Do not say such things, Bridget. Give me yonder ribbon, to tie these curls into orderly shape, and I will go at once to my cousin."

"That's well, my dear," said the housekeeper, much satisfied with her success.

So Dorothy went downstairs to Frank, and astonished him by her cheerfulness. The shadow of the parting seemed to have passed away, and though he half wished she would have talked of it, and expected

sympathy, yet he could not help being contented, for he thought her charming in any mood. Dorothy, on her side, did him injustice; she thought he was too straightforward and matter-of-fact to understand the feelings which were fighting in her poor little heart that day, so she concealed them all as well as she could, and laughed and talked as usual. Had she known the story of the primrose, her opinion might have been different.

They spent the lovely May afternoon wandering about the park and garden, and out into the village to see the site of the projected alms-houses: they talked a good deal of childish days, and Dorothy tried to make plans for the future, after the war was done; but Frank would not enter much into those; perhaps he had different plans of his own. Evening soon came; the horses were brought to the door, and he wished her good-bye on the terrace, where her pigeons had assembled to be fed, while she stood leaning rather sadly on the stone balustrade.

"Farewell!" said Frank; "I trust you will have good news of Marmaduke. And, Dorothy, remember that I have a right to help you in any trouble."

"You are a very good cousin, as you always were," she said, smiling. "Farewell; I wish you fame and happiness."

"And for myself, I wish—" began Frank, hurriedly; and suddenly checking himself, he added, "I wish you would give me a flower, to wear on my journey to-day."

"Oh, surely. What will you have? one of these early rosebuds?" She pulled one carelessly from a bush that hung over the stone-work, and gave it to him with a smile so sweet and indifferent, that it sent a pang through the soldier's heart.

"I am only her good cousin," he thought. "A thousand thanks, sweet Dorothy," he said aloud; then kissed her hand, and with kind and courteous farewells went his way.

Dorothy called for grain, and began to feed her hungry birds, while his horses' feet sounded fainter and fainter in the long vista of the avenue.

(To be continued.)

THE ANTIQUARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

LVIII.—TWO TOWERS IN OXFORD.

THE question is often asked by visitors, What are the oldest buildings in Oxford? The answer to it, we believe, should be the two towers about which we propose to say a few words, and to give our reasons for assigning to them a greater antiquity than any other of the structures in that ancient city.

Of the city before the Conquest we know but little, beyond the existence of a nunnery founded by S. Frideswide about the eighth century, and that it was chosen as the site for a fortress early in the tenth century, that it was attacked by the Danes more than once, and that there were several gemots or councils of the nation held here. Of the old work of S. Frideswide's we need not expect to find any remains, as most of the buildings were of wood. Of the early fortification, in all probability, the earthen mound still standing in the Castle is the remaining relic, the old ditches having been filled up. Probably there were wooden buildings within the enclosure in which the "gemots" were held.

But close by this mound is one tower remaining, which, from its rude masonry, and the general character of the few details which exist, must be assigned to a period before the Norman style of architecture came into fashion. In those days the stone building was the exception, and it was often noted by the historian as such.

After the Conquest, Oxford, we learn, was given into the charge of Robert d'Oili, one of William's followers, who came over with him from Normandy. Now, in the Annals of Oscey, under the year 1071, we read, "This same year was built the Castle of Oxford by Robert d'Oili the first." This "building" means the building in stone, as distinguished from the earthworks and wooden palisading which existed before. But this is not all Robert d'Oili did. In the same Chronicle we learn, under the year 1074, that Robert and Roger de Ivry founded the church of

S. George in Oxford Castle. A small crypt only remains, and the workmanship of that belongs to a date some fifty years later, but there can be no doubt it occupies the site of the original one, and is close by the side of the tower where the church would have stood.

Now of this Robert d'Oili we know something from one of the monks of Abingdon, whose account has been preserved in their Chronicle. The great governor of Oxford was first of all much hated, but if we may judge from the character given by this monk of Abingdon, he afterwards found friends. Here is an extract from the Chronicle:—

"In his time (i.e. of Abbot Athelhelm) and in the time of the two kings, that is to say of William who had conquered the English, and of his son William, there was a certain 'Constabularius' of Oxford called Robert 'de Oili,' in whose charge at that time was placed that district. . . . Now he was very wealthy, and spared neither rich nor poor in exacting money from them, to increase his own treasure. As is said of such in the short verse,—

'Crescit amor nummi quantum pecunia crescit.
As grows of wealth the store, so grows desire for more.'

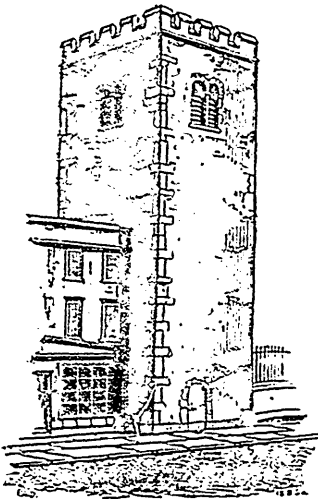
Everywhere he molested the churches, in his desire for gaining money, chiefly the Abbey of Abingdon, such as taking away their possessions and continually annoying them with law-suits, and sometimes putting them at the King's mercy. Amongst other wicked things he took away from the Monastery, by the King's consent, a certain meadow situated *outside the Walls of Oxford*, and appropriated it for the use of the soldiers of the Castle. At which loss the Abingdon brotherhood were very sad, more than for any other ills. Then they all came together before S. Mary's altar, which had been dedicated by S. Dunstan the Archbishop, and S. Athelwald Bishop, and while prostrating themselves before it prayed heaven to avenge them on Robert d'Oili, the plunderer of the Monastery, or to lead him to make satisfaction. Meanwhile, whilst they were supplicating the Blessed Virgin day and night, Robert fell into a grievous sickness, under which he, being impenitent, suffered for many days."

While he was ill, he had a dream in which he was ordered to be taken into the

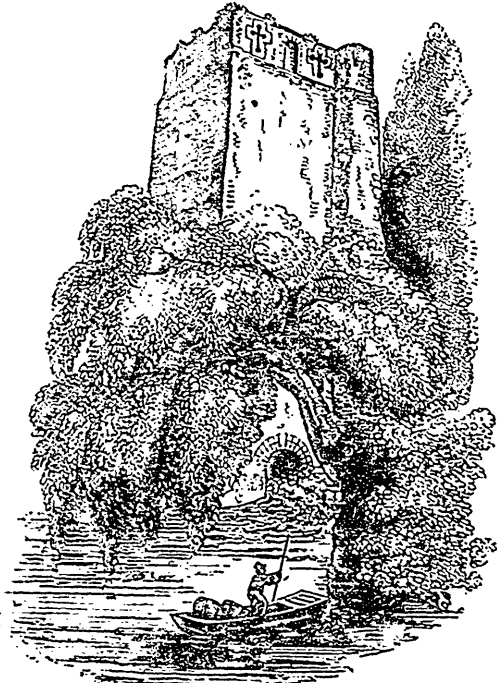
stolen Meadow, and tortured there. In his agony he awoke, and on his narrating his dream to his wife, she urged him to go to Abingdon, "whither he caused himself to be rowed," and there before the altar he made satisfaction.

The Annalist continues:—

"But not only did he do so much towards the building of the Church of S. Mary at Abingdon, but he also repaired at his own cost other Parish Churches which were in a ruinous state, that is to say, both *within the Walls of Oxford* and without.



Tower of St. Michael's Church, Oxford.

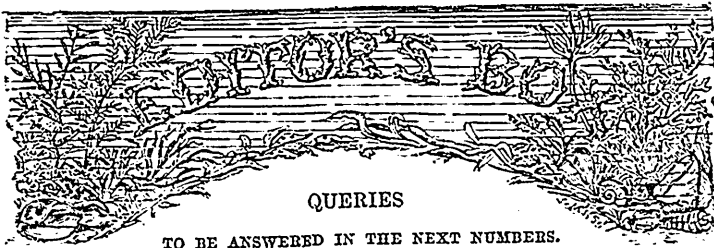


Tower of Oxford Castle.

"For, whereas before his dream he was the plunderer of Churches, and of the poor, so afterwards he became the restorer of Churches, and a benefactor to the poor, and the doer of many good deeds. Amongst other things the great bridge on the northern side of Oxford was built by him. He died in the month of September, and was honourably buried within the chapter-house of Abingdon on the north side. The body of his wife lies buried on his left side."

The expression of the Chronicler, "he repaired churches both within and without the walls," is a remarkable one. We know from other sources he gave S. Mary Magdalen Church, which was just outside the wall, on the chief road leading to the north of Oxford. No work, however, similar to the masonry in the Castle tower, exists; but close by, almost on the old walls of the city, which just at this point make an angle, we find a tower which resembles

it in many respects. This is the tower of S. Michael's Church, and against it was built the north gate of the city. It was a common practice from the earliest times, (there being many instances in the early fortifications of Rome,) to make an angle in the wall, where a chief road entered the city, and here was the road most important of all to be defended, for three sides of Oxford were surrounded by water, which in those days was looked upon as the best kind of defence. Thus the whole history seems to be linked together. The great tower defending the Castle, the lesser one defending the northern approach, and both the work of the Governor of Oxford appointed by the Conqueror. But it is remarkable how the military and ecclesiastical work is combined. To his great Castle tower he attached a church, and to S. Michael's Church (which was already in existence) he attached a tower for defence.



QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, OFFHAM.

1. *This church is now undergoing restoration. It possesses an Easter Sepulchre, two Piscinas, two Hagioscopes, and a Stoup. Can any of your readers name a church which contains the whole of the above-named?*

ENQUIRER.

ST. HERBERT.

2. *Will some one kindly give me some information about the St. Herbert who is said to have lived in a cell on one of the small islands in Lake Derwentwater? What is said to be part of the cell is still in existence; but I cannot learn anything about the hermit who inhabited it, beyond the name.* W. E. D.

ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

3. *Can you, or any of your readers, give me any account of S. Margaret of Cortona? I know of only two S. Margaret's, one of Antioch in Pisidia, and one of Scotland, until I saw mention of this one of Cortona. I should also be very grateful for a list of the churches in England dedicated to S. Margaret, with mention of any symbols or pictures representing her.* A WESTERN SUBSCRIBER.

ST. SYRIACUS.

4. *Can any reader of the PENNY POST give me any particulars of the life of S. Syriac.* SIBYL.

EMBLEM OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

5. *Can you, or any of your readers, explain why in windows, &c., S. John the Baptist is represented as bearing a cross.* T. U.

THE BURIAL OF CLERGY.

6. *When the floor of the choir of Exeter Cathedral was re-laid in 1763, the coffin of Bishop Bitton, 1307, was uncovered and opened; on the right side of the skeleton stood a small chalice, covered with a paten, &c. In restoring the church of Kirby-Underdale, the stone coffin of a former rector was opened, and in it were found a pectoral chalice and paten, &c.; this in 1871. Will you, or some of your readers, give an explanation of the custom of burying the chalice and paten along with the remains of the Bishop or Priest, and give some other instances?* M. D.

ST. DECLAN.

7. *I shall be much obliged if any of your correspondents can give me any information respecting the Irish missionary, St. Declan. He is said to have lived before the time of St. Patrick, and to have landed in Ireland at Ardmore, near Youghal.* A. C.

THE LOLLARDS' TOWER, LAMBETH.

8. *Can any of the readers of the PENNY POST kindly give me any information respecting the Lollards' Tower in Lambeth Palace?* E. A.

REPLIES

TO QUERIES ASKED IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

LIST OF CHURCHES.

66.—*Will you, and your readers, assist me in compiling a List of Churches in which candlesticks are placed on the Holy Table? Subject to your approbation, I would insert it in the PENNY POST when completed.*

CAROLINE C. B.

I am happy in being able to furnish your correspondent CAROLINE C. B. with such a list as she desires. Though it may occupy a considerable space in the PENNY POST, I trust that you may be willing to insert it

by instalments, as it has never been published, and affords valuable testimony to the existence of ancient traditions and legal rites. F. S. A.

DIOCESE OF CANTERBURY.

Adisham Church, Kent.

Canterbury Cathedral.

„ Holy Cross.

„ S. Augustino's.

„ S. Gregory's.

„ S. Margaret's.

Charlton Church, Dover.

Chislehurst, Church of the Annunciation.
 „ S. Nicholas'.
 Erith, Kent, S. John's.
 Folkestone, S. Mary's.
 „ SS. Michael and all Angels'.
 „ S. Peter's, Mariners' Church.
 Isle of Thanet, S. Peter's.
 Kildown, Kent.
 Malling Abbey, Kent.
 Preston, near Wingham, Kent.
 Stone, Kent, S. Mary's.

DIOCESE OF YORK.

Ackworth, S. Cuthbert's.
 Baldersby, S. James'.
 Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, S. Anne's.
 Coatham, Redcar, Yorkshire.
 Dalton Church, Thirsk.
 East Waltham, near Redcar.
 Hackness, York (ancient).
 Hotbarn, Yorkshire.
 Hull, S. James'.
 Middlesbro', S. John's.
 „ S. John's (Mission Chapel).
 New Malton, S. Leonard's.
 Sancton, Yorkshire, All Saints'.
 Sheffield, S. Luke's.
 South Cave, Yorkshire.
 Whitby, S. Ninian's.
 Wykeham, near Scarborough, All Saints'.
 York, All Saints'.
 „ Cathedral.
 „ S. Mary's.
 „ S. Samson's.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

All Hallows', Barking.
 All Saints', Margaret-street.
 Chapel Royal, S. James'.
 Chapel Royal, Whitehall.
 Christ Church, Albany-street.
 Christ Church, Bloomsbury.
 Christ Church, Hoxton.
 Gray's Inn Chapel.
 Holy Trinity, Shoreditch.
 Holy Trinity, Westminster.
 S. Agatha's, Finsbury.
 S. Alban's, Holborn.
 S. Andrew's, Enfield.
 S. Andrew's, Wells-street.
 S. Anno's, Dean-street, Soho.
 S. Augustine's, Haggerstone.
 S. Augustine's, Kensington.
 S. Augustine's, Kilburn.
 S. Barnabas', Pimlico.
 S. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate.
 S. Chad's, Haggerstone.
 S. Clement's, Whitechapel.
 S. Columba's, Haggerstone.
 S. Columba's, Shoreditch.
 S. Cyprian's, Marylebone.
 S. Edmund's, Lombard-street.

S. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate.
 S. Gabriel's, Bromley, Middlesex.
 S. Helen's, Bishopsgate.
 S. James', Enfield.
 S. James', Westmoreland-street.
 S. James'-the-Less, Westminster.
 S. John's, Enfield.
 S. John's, Hammersmith.
 S. John's, Kensington.
 S. John Baptist's, Pimlico.
 S. John's of Jerusalem, South Hackney.
 S. Lawrence's, Jewry.
 S. Luke's, Kentish Town.
 S. Luke's, Soho.
 S. Margaret, Pattens, E.C.
 S. Mary's, Stoke Newington.
 S. Mary's, Haggerstone.
 S. Mary-le-Strand.
 S. Mary Magdalene's Chapel, Chiswick.
 S. Mary Magdalene's, Munster-square.
 S. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington.
 S. Mary-the-Virgin's, Kilburn.
 S. Mary-the-Virgin's, Primrose-hill.
 S. Mary-the-Virgin's, Soho.
 S. Matthew's, City-road.
 S. Matthias', Earl's Court.
 S. Matthias', Stoke Newington.
 S. Michael's, Shoreditch.
 S. Paul's, Bow Common.
 S. Paul's Cathedral.
 S. Paul's, Knightsbridge.
 S. Paul's, Walworth.
 S. Peter's, London Docks.
 S. Peter's, Vere-street.
 S. Philip's, Clerkenwell.
 S. Saviour's, Hoxton.
 S. Saviour's, Well-lane-square.
 S. Stephen's Chapel (Crypt), Houses of Parliament.
 S. Stephen's, Haggerstone.
 S. Thomas', Regent-street.
 Savoy Chapel.
 West Drayton, Middlesex.
 West Hackney, Parish Church.
 Westminster, Chapel in House of Parliament.
 Westminster Abbey.

DIOCESE OF DURHAM.

Bamborough, S. Aidan's.
 Bishop's Castle, Auckland Castle.
 Bothal, Northumberland.
 Breckburne, Northumberland.
 Cambois, Northumberland.
 Corbridge, Northumberland.
 Darlington, S. John's.
 Durham Cathedral.
 „ S. Oswald's.
 „ S. Peter's.
 „ University, Hatfield Hall.
 Ellingham, Alnwick.
 Horton, Northumberland, S. Mary's.
 Kirkheaton, Northumberland.

Middleton S. George, Durham, S. Lawrence's.
 Morpoth, S. James'-the-Great.
 " S. Mary's.
 Newbottle, Durham.
 Newcastle-on-Tyne, S. Andrew's.
 " S. Peter's.
 North Sunderland.
 Rennington, Alnwick.
 Uigham, Northumberland.
 Wallsend, Holy Cross.
 Willington, Durham, S. Stephen's.
 Whittingham, Northumberland.

DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER.

Bournemouth, S. Clement's.
 " S. Peter's.
 Brook, Isle of Wight, S. Mary's.
 Caterham, S. Mary's.
 " Valley, Surrey, S. Luke's.
 Clapham, Christ Church.
 Cranley, Surrey County School.
 Empshott, Hants.
 Hursley, All Saints.
 Lambeth, All Saints'.
 " Palace.
 " S. Mary's.
 " S. Mary's-the-Less.
 Pokesdown, S. James'.
 Portsea, Hants, Trinity.
 Portsmouth, Holy Trinity.
 Purbrook, Hants.
 Reigate, S. Mary Magdalene's.
 Richmond, S. Matthias'.
 Southampton, S. Lawrence's.
 " S. Michael's.
 " S. Michael's.
 Swanmore, S. Michael's.
 Vauxhall, Mission Chapel.
 " S. Peter's.
 Whitwell, Isle of Wight, S. Mary's.
 " " " S. Radigund's.
 Widley, Hants, S. Mary-the-Virgin's.
 Winchester College.
 Wymering, S. Mary's.
 " SS. Peter and Paul.

DIOCESE OF BANGOR.

Llanegryn, Merionethshire.

DIOCESE OF BATH AND WELLS.

Baltonsborough, S. Dunstan's.
 Barrow Gurney, Bristol.
 Bath, Chapel of Mineral Water Hospital.
 " Christ Church.
 " S. John Baptist's.
 Bathwick, S. John Baptist's.
 Bruton, Somerset.
 Buckland Chard, S. Mary's, Somerset.
 Buileigh, S. Leonard's.
 Clovedo, All Saints'.
 Creech, S. Michael's, Somerset.

Curry Rivell, Somerset.
 East Brent, Somerset.
 Frome Church, Somerset.
 " Christ Church.
 " S. Mary's-at-the-Woodlands.
 " Selwood, S. Mary's, Lennox-hill.
 " " Somerset, S. John Baptist's.
 Glastonbury, S. John Baptist's.
 Hambridge, Taunton.
 Hill-Farrance, Taunton.
 Ilton, Somerset.
 Knowle, Somerset, S. Giles'.
 Northmoor Green, Brigwater.
 Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset.
 Staplegrave, Taunton.
 Taunton, S. John's.
 " S. Mary Magdalene's.
 " S. Saviour's.
 Wells Cathedral.
 West Tennant, Somerset.

DIOCESE OF CARLISLE.

Penrith Church, Cumberland.
 " S. Wilfrid's, Brougham Hall.

DIOCESE OF CHESTER.

Arley, Cheshire.
 Chester Cathedral.
 " Holy Trinity.
 " S. Michael's.
 Collenfare Church, Warrington.
 Haydock, S. James'-the-Great.
 Hollinfare, Warrington.
 Horbury Bridge, S. John's.
 Liverpool, S. James'-the-Less.
 " S. Margaret's.
 " S. Martin's.
 " S. Mary's-the-Less.
 Odd Rode, near Lawfon, Cheshire, All Saints'.
 Prestbury, S. Mary's.
 S. James'-in-Haydock.
 Tarporley, S. Helen's.
 Wallasey, Cheshire.
 Walton-on-the-Hill, near Stafford, S. Thomas's

DIOCESE OF CHICHESTER.

Battle, Sussex.
 Berwick, S. Mary's.
 Bodiam, Sussex.
 Bosham, Sussex.
 Brighton, Church of the Annunciation.
 " Mission Chapel.
 " S. Bartholomew's.
 " S. James' Chapel.
 " S. John's.
 " S. Martin's.
 " S. Mary Magdalene's.
 " S. Mary's Nunnery.
 " S. Michael's.
 " S. Paul's.

Buxted, Sussex.
 Chichester Cathedral.
 Crawley, Sussex.
 Crowborough, Sussex.
 Cuckfield, Sussex, Holy Trinity.
 East Grinstead, Sackville College.
 " " Sussex.
 Hastings, S. Andrew's, Iron Church.
 Hurstpierpoint, S. John's Chapel.
 Lancing, S. Nicholas'.
 Lavington, Sussex.
 Littlehampton, Sussex.
 Mayfield, Sussex.
 New Shoreham, Sussex, S. Saviour's.
 Nutley, Sussex.
 Rotherfield, Sussex.
 Seaford, Sussex.
 Selsey, Sussex, Mortuary Chapel.
 " " Parish Church.
 S. Leonard's-on-Sea, Christ Church.
 " " S. John's.
 " " S. John Evangelist's.

DIocese of ELY.

Cambridge, Clare College Chapel.
 " Emmanuel College Chapel.
 " Jesus College Chapel.
 " King's College Chapel.
 " Magdalene College Chapel.
 " S. Clement's Church.
 " S. John's College Chapel.
 " Sidney Sussex College.
 " Trinity College Chapel.
 Ely Cathedral.
 Gazeley, Suffolk.
 Heigham, Bury S. Edmund's.
 Pottesgrove, Bedfordshire, S. John's.
 S. Ives, Hunts, All Saints'.
 Sudbury, S. Gregory's.
 " S. Peter's.

DIocese of EXETER.

Babbacombe, All Saints'.
 " S. Mary's.
 Cennenellis, Cornwall, Holy Trinity.
 Colyton, S. Andrew's.
 Denbury Church, Devon.
 Devonport, S. Stephen's.
 East Teignmouth, S. Michael's.
 Exeter, All Hallows-on-the-Walls.
 " Almshouse, Magdalene-street.
 " Cathedral.
 " S. David's.
 " S. Edmund's.
 " S. James'.
 " S. Mary's.
 " S. Mary Steps.
 " S. Olave's.
 " S. Paul's.
 " S. Sidwell's.
 Falmouth, King Charles'.

Falmouth, S. Alban's.
 Hayle, Cornwall, S. Elwyn's.
 " " S. John's.
 Helston, Cornwall.
 Kenn Church, near Exeter.
 Kingstoignton Church, Devon.
 Lee Church, near Ilfracombe, Devon.
 Newton Abbot, Devon, S. Paul's Church.
 Ponsilva Mission Church, Cornwall.
 Plymouth, S. James'.
 " SS. James and John.
 " S. Peter's.
 Porthleven, Cornwall.
 Ringmore, Devon.
 Shevioke, Cornwall.
 Southleigh, Exeter.
 S. Erth, Cornwall.
 Thorverton, Devon.
 Torquay, S. John's.
 " S. Luke's.
 Trusham, Devon.
 Upton, Torquay.

DIocese of GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

Abbenhall, Gloucester, S. Mary's.
 Arle Chapel, near Cheltenham.
 Bedminster, Bristol, S. John Baptist's.
 " Parish Church.
 Bristol Cathedral (silver, Post-Reformation).
 " Mayor's Chapel.
 " S. Raphael's.
 Cheltenham, All Saints'.
 Clifton, All Saints'.
 Coalpit Heath, Bristol.
 Coln, Gloucester, S. Aldwyn's.
 Dean, Gloucester, All Hallows'.
 Framilode, Gloucestershire.
 Fretherne, Gloucestershire, S. Mary's.
 Gloucester, S. Aldgate's.
 Highnam, Gloucester.
 Kemerton, Gloucester, S. Nicholas'.
 Knowle, Holy Trinity.
 Lea, near Ross, Herts, S. John Baptist's.
 Nether Swell, Somerset.
 Overbury, Gloucester. S. Faith's.
 Prestbury, Cheltenham.
 " S. Mary's.
 S. Briavel, Gloucestershire.
 Stapleton, Gloucester, Holy Trinity.
 Swindon, Cheltenham, S. Laurence's.
 Tetbury, S. Saviour's.
 Westcote, S. Mary-the-Virgin's.
 Winterbourn Down, Bristol, All Saints'.

(The List of Churches in the other Dioceses will be continued in our next.)

AUTHOR OF HYMN.

58.—Can any of your readers tell me who is the author of the following hymn:—

"Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

WARWICK.

In your September number you have allowed a correspondent to mis-quote the above song, taken from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," and also to cast a slur upon the grammatical accuracy of the author. This has not been corrected in your October issue, and therefore I beg of you to insert the following copy of the first verse of that song, taken from the edition of Shakespeare's works, in 9 vols., edited by Mr. Pope, and published in the year 1747, by J. and P. Knapton, S. Birt, T. Longman, J. and R. Tonson, B. Dod and others. The verse is as follows:—

"Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
Each chalic'd flower supplies,"

Whilst upon this subject you will perhaps allow me to correct two mistakes, which, so far as I know, are always to be found in Shakespeare's works. The first mistake occurs in the song of Ver, at the end of "Love's Labour's Lost."

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on every tree," &c.

The absurdity of "painting the meadows with delight," has induced some one to suggest an alteration of the words into—

"Do paint the meadows much bedight;"

but in reality the only alteration needed, consists in transposing the semicolon from the word "delight" to the word "meadows," when the song reads thus:—

"Do paint the meadows;—with delight
The cuckow then, on every tree," &c.

And this no doubt was as Shakespeare put it, unless he placed a colon, or even a full stop, after the word meadows.

The other mistake is no less apparent, though the correction is by no means so satisfactory—it occurs in a speech or soliloquy by Lady Macbeth, in the 7th scene. The words are,—

"Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, Hold! hold!"

These words, on the authority of a very old manuscript copy of "Macbeth," I venture to alter into

"Nor heaven break through the stillness of the
dark,
To cry, Hold! hold!"

Of the manuscript copy in question, I can say that it was purchased by my grand-

father, at York, in the year 1769, and has remained in our family ever since. It bears upon different parts of it many signatures, the oldest of which is "Jac. Walker, 1692;" but there is one which evidently alludes to a political event in agitation at the time, and is therefore curious: it is a rhyme copied below as follows, both in spelling and words:—

"Rightes Right, lawiers declaire
the Son succedes the Father.
If so wye then beyond compare
I chuse the Stuart rathir.

C. R. R.

7 Veneris 5^o die Martii 1707."

PELOX.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, AND REPLIES.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We beg to point out that we receive so many contributions of all sorts and kinds, that it is impossible to read them and decide on their merits at once. It takes time to look over the large number of MSS. sent to us, and it is only reasonable to ask our contributors to exercise patience—pledging ourselves to give a careful consideration to all that is sent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications, Queries, Replies, Poetry, and contributions, arrived too late for acknowledgment in the January number. Others in type have been crowded out.

CLERICUS.—(1.) Get a banner of the Cross, of the B. V. M. (as she is the patron saint of your church), and the arms of the diocese, and these will suffice. (2.) There are many in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

S. M. G.—At that period baptism by immersion was common. Hence deaconesses baptized women, and women only. Midwives were licensed to baptize by some of our bishops until George the First's reign.

S. C. and S. M. C.—Ask those who do so, which would be at once sensible, and enable them to give you an answer, which we cannot.

J. A. R.—A bishop wears a pectoral cross, but not a lay-sacristan.

KAFFA.—The prelates of the Church in Holland; of which the Archbishop of Utrecht is the head, trace their apostolical descent through previous prelates who were in visible communion with Rome. Their orders are quite unquestionable. The Scandinavian Church has no valid orders.

C. and D. NEWMAN.—Butler's "Lives of the Saints" will serve your purpose, or Mr. Baring Gould's new volumes.

E. E. D. (Liverpool).—The stole is symbolical of priestly authority.

T. A.—We are unable to inform you. Apply to Novello, the music-publishers.

D. G. R.—Declined with thanks.

E. M. H. and I. G. W.—Thanks, too late.

W. M.—Thanks. We have accepted one, the other is declined.

In answer to K. I. W., Llandaff, we may point out Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of the Count Montalembert," as one of the greatest interest and value.

OPAL and M. C.—Not of general interest.

P. A. S.—"Stories about the Great King," by Proby, published by Hayes.

W. HAWKINGS.—We are unable to remember, as we receive from 50 to 60 letters a-month. It is better to use your own name than ordinary initials in communications.

In answer to many correspondents who have frequently enquired concerning the Institution, we are enabled to state that the office of the "Association for the Sale of Work by Ladies of Limited Means," is at 47, Great Portland-street, London. Two hundred and fifty Ladies are already working members of the society.

L. S.—It was returned some months ago.

R. S. VERNON.—Jeremy Collier's "Ecclesiastical History of England," is in our judgment very valuable, not only for the fairness and soundness of its principles, but the large number of important documents reprinted. Apply to a bookseller for its cost.

SACERDOS CANTAR (Cambridge).—(1.) The "Salisbury Consuetudinary," as it is called, is, we believe, being edited by Mr. J. D. Chambers, an accomplished liturgiologist. (2.) There were always duly-appointed Rulers of the Choir at the offices of the old English rite, to keep time and order.

ALIQUE.—Apply directly to the Principal of the college in question.

F. S. A.—Mr. Haines's "Book of Monumental Brasses," issued by our Publishers, is the most complete and exhaustive treatise extant. It is full of illustrations, relating to every period, from about A.D. 1350 to the end of James the First's reign.

W. W. (Coventry).—Exorcism is the form and act of casting out evil spirits. Cases of possession are still observed, even in Christian countries.

P. S. M.—(1.) The law, *De Hæretico Comburendo*, was enacted in the reign of Henry IV., but repealed under James II. (2.) It is referable to State and not to Church.

J. B. SCOTT (Manchester), A. P. B., TORTIE, W. B., and LEPELLE, answered by post.

NIARB.—To inform worshippers in large churches, having deep chancels, the exact time when the act of consecration is performed.

A. W. R. (Fugby).—The title of *Domina* was, we believe, first assumed by the Roman Emperor Caligula, it having been refused

both by Augustus and Tiberius. In France, originally, it was only given to kings. In later times, its use has been far wider and less select. The title of *Domina* is frequently applied to the clergy, thus,—*Viro reverendo Domino, Domina*. . . .

W. M. B.—Departed souls do not become "angels," as your verses seem to imply; they are joined to the angels in communion when they reach heaven.

P. W.—(1.) Dunwell's "Commentary on St. John," (Hayes); and (2.) Dr. Pusey's "University Sermons," (Parker), would exactly suit you. (3.) They would both be most valuable presents to the clergyman in question.

H. A. N.—Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt's book on Wood-Carving, issued by Bemrose, is very well done, and would furnish you with all the particulars you need. As to the place of sale of amateur wood-carvings, we are unable to inform you.

(1.) We believe that H. A. M. will find the year 1832 to have been that in which the celebrated Oxford movement began. (2.) Mr. Arthur Percival was, we are informed, chaplain to the Queen, but was directed to resign his appointment. (3.) Dean Hook's Sermon, "Hear the Church," rendered him unpopular in high places.

Received with thanks:—G. F. L., M. P. A., A. I. (Cambridge), J. W. P., D. H. C., F. DUDLEY, A. H. BROWN, M. P. A., E. M. F. F., R. P., A. W., ANNIE, ARTHUR FINN, LAURESTINUS, Y. C. L. M., W. D., R. F. M., MARRA, A communication from Bole Vicarage, the signature to which is unrecognisable. W. P. A., A. W., A. GREGORY, SCOT, CATH., S. L. C., ERIKA DE VAUX, MISS BUCKLEY, H., A. H. (Eastbourne), "All for Jesus," S. P. H., "The story of the Three Little Trouts," ANNIE, M. A. R. Y., "A Vision of Lent," Gertrud, by MISS S. G., W. E. D., EPAMINONDAS.

Declined with thanks:—C. H. A., ALLEY FORTON, A. A. T., E. F. (the subject has been sufficiently discussed), NONA (too diffuse, express your ideas in fewer words, and—try again), Poem on the Presentation (too prosaic).

P. M.—A High Churchman need not be a "Sabbatarian," as you term it; but the due observance of one day out of seven as a day of rest, and a weekly commemoration of the re-creation of the world by the death and resurrection of our Lord, appears to us an undoubted Christian duty; and any attempt from secularists and infidels to open museums on Sundays, ought to be faithfully and firmly resisted.

H. F. W.—The German editor of a collection of ancient Latin hymns.

Pages Missing